

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 234.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1836.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

It is impossible for a person possessing any degree of taste or feeling to look upon the ruinous remains of vast edifices, which have been the dwelling-places of power and grandeur, without a sensation almost amounting to awe. They are the beacons which time has set up for the admonition of man, and loud, stern, and impressive is the warning they address to his heart. These ideas were particularly suggested to my mind, as I lately stood before the old baronial castle of Neidpath, which rears itself like a giant warrior in the hilly pass of which it was formerly the guardian.

This imposing stronghold stands on the brink of the river Tweed, which laves its base with its far-famed waters, and it commands a near view of the pleasant and ancient town of Peebles, lying in the bosom of a beautiful valley, surrounded by highly ornamented grounds, reminding one of some antique gem, whose setting has been renewed in a modern fashion. There are perhaps few buildings in Scotland that exhibit in the size of their tower and the thickness of their walls greater indications of massy strength than this old castle. As I looked upon it, I felt a melancholy pleasure in reflecting on all the eras of its glory, which have successively passed away almost into oblivion, like the brief histories of its inhabitants, who have, one after another, long since gone down to the dust. Little is known of it or its possessors before the Norman conquest, when it became the property of the Frazers, who came with the Conqueror. An heiress of that house conveyed it by marriage to a Hay of Borthwick, during the reign of Bruce, and from the Hays it went by purchase to the first Duke of Queensberry, and was inherited by his second son, the Earl of March.

During the ages which have passed since its first erection, how many stirring scenes have been presented within and around its walls! While I looked upon it in its decay and its loneliness, many of them seemed, by the magic of fancy, to flit before my eyes, and I beheld its lofty halls decorated with all the gorgeous trappings of wealth and magnificence, and peopled with the noble, the brave, and the fair. The luxurious banquet was spread, the wassail bowl was there, and the walls re-echoed to the sounds of mirth and revelry. Anon the scene was widely different. The hills around seemed alive with warriors, who came, all eager to win them honour by the conquest of the castle; and the shouts of the victors, the groans of the dying, and all the din of battle, mingled wildly with the rushing of the waters, and the hollow blasts of the wind, as they swept through the clefts of the hills. Next, methought, all signs of strife were passed away, and the calm of peace lay upon the castle and all around it. The bleating of sheep upon the quiet hills, the warbling of the skylark as he mounted from their summits, the murmurs of the Tweed, as it rolled in dark pools at their feet, and the low and touching strains of woman's voice breathing of love and woe, were the only sounds that were heard. And here my own fancy was aided by a legend of the castle, which relates the hapless fate of the daughter of the first Earl of March.

It is natural to take an interest in those who have in any especial manner encountered the trials of life, particularly where the secret workings of the heart are laid open to our inspection, as in that case they find responsive chords in our own bosoms. For, while external circumstances are widely known, and soon cease to be remembered, it is by revealing the hidden conflicts of the heart, and bringing to our view those feelings

which have had some powerful effect on the destiny of beings like ourselves, that deep impressions are made; and we can sympathise from the bottom of our hearts with what has given happiness or misery to those who closed their career of life ages before we had entered on ours.

Thus it was that I felt myself more than usually affected by the legend which I have just mentioned, which relates, that, among the many noblemen and gentlemen of note who sought the hand of the lovely Lady Mary, there was not one on whom she could be persuaded to look with favour. Her parents beheld this indifference with surprise, for among the suitors were several young men who were graced with handsome persons, high birth, and splendid fortune. This mysterious unconcern was, however, presently accounted for by the jealous watchfulness of the haughty Countess of March, whose sharp-sighted pride had taken alarm at certain indications of regard shown by her daughter for the young laird of Tushielaw. When taxed with this dereliction of duty, the blushes of the Lady Mary, and the perturbation into which she was thrown by the mention of her lover's name, confirmed her mother in her supposition. If, however, any doubt remained, it was speedily dissipated by an application of Tushielaw for the consent of the parents to an union with their daughter, while he urged their mutual affection as an apology for his seeming presumption. Young Scott of Tushielaw, though of an old and honourable family, was neither rich nor titled, and, of course, in the opinion of the Earl and Countess of March, no fitting mate for their daughter. Lady Mary was, therefore, summoned into the presence of her incensed parents, and severely reprimanded for her undutiful conduct, in having bestowed her affections without their leave. She was also informed of their unalterable determination to refuse their consent to her marriage, and forbidden ever to think again of her devoted lover. In those days it was more customary for high-born young women to sacrifice their feelings and attachments to the will of their parents, and the aggrandisement of their family, than it now is; and this command, which the unfortunate girl felt she could not obey, was yet received with meek submission, while she gave a reluctant promise that she would never marry without the consent of her parents. So far she was able to control her own wishes, but from that moment she ceased to appear like one who has any interest in life or its affairs.

The Earl and Countess, elated with the victory which they imagined they had gained over the affections of their daughter, next rejected, in haughty terms, the proposal of Tushielaw, while they gave a deathblow to his hopes, by informing him that the Lady Mary was now brought to a proper sense of her duty, and would never consent to be his. The attachment of this high-spirited young man was characterised by all the deep devotion which possesses the heart of an enthusiastic lover in the days of his youthful romance; and feeling himself alike unable to brook the indignity put upon him by the parents, or to forget his love for the daughter, he speedily sought an alleviation of his wounded feelings in the fatigues and the amusements of foreign travel. It is in this manner that man, by his superior strength of nerve, is generally enabled to adopt some active measure by which he stems the tide of grief. The world lies open before him, inviting him to tread its busy paths, and investigate its novel features. The cup in which are mingled all its varied and fascinating pleasures is presented to his lips, and though principle and prudence

may prevent his drinking too deeply of the intoxicating draught, he seldom refuses to find in it a temporary alleviation of his woes. But the woman who has given her whole heart, and all the sensibilities of her nature, to another, can only retire into solitude to hide there from every eye the canker that consumes her spirit; and often does she fall a silent victim to her unobtrusive sorrow.

After Tushielaw had quitted Scotland, the parents of Lady Mary beheld her begin to droop and seek retirement. They knew too much of human nature to suppose that their mandate, though dutifully submitted to, could be so literally obeyed as to obliterate at once from the mind of their obedient child all traces of a first and ardent attachment; but, content for the present with her seeming wish to comply with their command, they trusted to time for her cure. They knew, however, but little of the depth of feeling and the unshaken constancy that resided in her bosom. Touched in some degree by her grief-stricken appearance, they became again kind and indulgent; and though the poor girl had a painful presentiment of a mortal wound, she endeavoured to contend with it for the sake of her parents, whose renewed affection she now felt with that redoubled force which is produced by contrast, and by that response of our nature which ever answers to the voice of love. Still hers was a deep and silent grief, in which no one participated, and which she thought all seemed agreed in blaming, but which occupied her heart day and night, without being affected by change of season or of place, while she was denied that sympathy which would have allowed her, under any other calamity, the natural relief of lamentation and tears. In this state of mind she suffered herself, at the entreaty of her parents, to be once more led into the society from which she had withdrawn for a time, and in which, as she only appeared rather more quiet and thoughtful than formerly, they looked upon their hopes of a change in her sentiments as nearly confirmed. It was in the meantime merely by a strong effort that she concealed her inward sufferings from the eyes of casual observers, for nothing can be more repugnant to the unfortunate than to satisfy the curiosity of common minds by any display of their misery. But when, having so far yielded to the wishes of her parents, they ventured to second the suit of a new lover, whose alliance was calculated to add to the aggrandisement of even the proud family from which she sprung—when they tortured her harassed spirit by importunity, and mocked her desolate heart by telling her of the happiness she was to feel in this splendid alliance, her courage utterly failed. She now no longer sought to contend with her adverse destiny, but withdrew once more into the solitude she had only left, that she might conciliate her parents, and refused again to quit it.

Displeased with this conduct of her daughter, and exasperated by the failure of the scheme for her establishment, her mother's manner towards her became distant and supercilious. This cruel and ungracious humour of Lady March bore hard upon the crushed spirit of the wretched girl, who, feeling unable to exist under the constant frown of her parents, frequently absented herself for days together from the family apartments, where she only encountered cold looks and unsympathising speech, and where every feeling was driven inwards. These periods of entire seclusion were looked upon by her mother as moody fits, which would again pass away; and although she was not altogether unmoved by the expression of uncomplaining misery which had taken possession of her beautiful features, still all was unattempted which could

have soothed her gentle spirit. Feeling thus abandoned by all, and without hope in this world, the only solace of the unfortunate Mary was her twilight walks in the vicinity of the castle. There, as she glided in her white garments, with noiseless footsteps, along the sheep-tracks, the parents stood mutely and fearfully gazing upon her, almost persuading themselves they beheld a parted spirit moving before them on the brown hill-sides.

It was autumn when young Tushielaw left Scotland—the winter had passed, and spring again returned; but little recked the broken-hearted girl of the fair flowers that were springing, or the bright skies that were beaming. Lady March had hitherto borne to look upon her daughter's anguish of mind without seeming moved by it; but when she at length beheld bodily indisposition added to mental suffering, and learned from the Lady Mary's attendant that her nights were spent in sleepless vigils, while her bosom heaved heavily with the respiration which became hourly more difficult, then it was that all the mother was roused within her. Then the woe-worn look of the hitherto unpitied girl fell on her like a spell, and regret and sorrow filled her heart, and she earnestly sought to repair the injury she had done, by the most soothing language and the most careful nursing. This change in her mother's conduct was received with affection, and acknowledged with gratitude, but it appeared to come too late for the heart that seemed as if it could no longer vibrate to the voice of joy, and which treasured the hope that its struggles were about to cease in the grave. Lady March perceived this with terror and alarm, and, seeing no other means which gave the most distant hope of saving her daughter's life, she prevailed on her lord to send a confidential servant abroad, charged with dispatches for Tushielaw, informing him of his daughter's dangerous state of health, and conjuring him, if he was still attached to her, to return with all possible speed.

Of this new arrangement her daughter was cautiously informed by Lady March, and Mary listened with a charmed ear, while a host of fond recollections and of secret hopes took possession of her bosom. Love was once more dressed in smiles, and wove his mystic spells around her heart; and a surprising degree of renovation seemed for a while to take place. But a false bloom was on her cheek, and gleams of sepulchral brightness were darting from her eyes. While anxious to believe what she so much desired, the deceived mother, wrapping herself in security, looked upon her with tears of joy. This treacherous calm, however, soon passed away, and the hapless Mary's fits of languor became daily longer, and the exhaustion of nature more apparent.

The time was already past when tidings of Tushielaw were expected from the Continent, and she who had courted death, was now clinging to life, and assiduously following every prescription of her physician to retard the rapid progress of her insidious disease, that she might once more behold him; for, while struggling for the humblest resignation to what she felt must now inevitably be her fate, she sent forth many a fervent prayer that she might be permitted, ere her eyes were closed for ever, to lay her throbbing head upon his bosom, and hear his words of constancy and love. Still, day followed day, and she grew weaker and weaker, till she was at length unable to walk or stand, and yet no tidings of the wanderer.

At length intelligence arrived, which gave notice of the very hour at which he might be expected, ere yet that same day had closed. Again the sinking spirit of the dying Mary revived, and when the time was at hand that she expected her lover, she caused herself to be carried into a little stone balcony above the principal doorway of the castle, which commanded a view of the road by which he must approach. It was a glorious evening in June; the heavens were calm and beautiful, the glare and heat of day had departed, and left the mild lustre of the sinking sun, with all its accompaniments of light and shade. And while Mary sat reclining on her pillowed chair, so unclouded was her brow, so bright her eye, and so bland her smile, that, as her mother stood at her side, gazing on her fragile but lovely child, she was again almost beguiled into hope.

Time was now fast flying, and the expected one did not appear. The sun was approaching the horizon, the last flush of day was spread over the landscape, its background began to grow dim, and shades to lie on the sides of the Edston hills; and, with the fading light, Mary's hopes seemed also to fade. In this state of anxiety, her sight and hearing became supernaturally acute, and Lady March was presently aware, from her listening attitude, that some sound had struck upon her ear, which seemed to agitate her frame. So deep was the calm that lay upon all around, that the wing of the smallest bird was heard to flutter through the air; yet no one but herself distinguished that distant sound of

horses' feet which had caused the sensation observed by her mother. And now her thin white hand was raised, to fling back from the keenly hearing ear, and the sharply searching eye, the long rich tresses of dark brown shining hair, on which the last rays of the sun were glowing; and after gazing intensely forward for an instant, her lips murmured forth—"It is he!" Yet Lady March could not for some time discern that what appeared at first to her as a mere speck upon the distant road, was a man and horse.

What had at first sight appeared the smallest speck, came on, and on, and presently approached, while Lady March anxiously regarded the countenance of her daughter, who with a trembling intensity of feeling watched the progress of the advancing figure. And now he reached the gate of the castle, and threw himself from his steed, while Mary, who was before unable to stand, sprang from her chair, and, bending her attenuated form over the balcony, extended her arms as if about to fly towards him, while she uttered an exclamation of rapturous greeting. But in his haste to enter he saw her not. The blood rushed across her brow for an instant, and then retiring to her heart, left her countenance overspread with the hues of death. Lady March caught her in her arms, replaced her in her seat, and saw her eyes fixed upon her. While the last fleeting smile curved her young lips, her hands sank down from pressing on her exhausted heart, whose last throbs had been expended in the welcome of her lover; and the voice was stilled—and the eyes were closed—and she slept in death, even while his footsteps were heard ascending towards her.

EXTENT OF THE MATERIAL WORLD.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

[The following article, which is meant chiefly for the perusal of our young readers, is composed of the two first sections of a small volume lately published under the title of an "Introduction to the Sciences," being a part of Chambers's Educational Course. In the original work, the subject is illustrated with engravings.]

In whatever place we first become aware that we are living beings, the scene which we survey is limited to a very small part of the whole system of Nature—that is, of what exists. If we look beyond the house in which we live, we probably see other houses, or large fields, hills, and plains. If we look upward, a more extensive view is presented; we there behold a clear blue expanse called the sky, where the sun shines by day, and the moon and stars by night. But even these large plains, and that wide sky, are only a part, and a very small part, of the world. Far beyond the hills which bound our view, there are other plains and hills; and far beyond the stars which we see by night, there are other stars without number. To acquaint young persons with the things beyond the reach of their sight, as well as those things which they cannot readily observe of themselves, is the purpose of this book.

Every young person knows what a mile is: it is about as much as he can walk at once without being tired. If he were to walk a few miles from the place where he resides, he would come to other places quite strange to him; and if he were to walk many more miles, he would still come to new places. The parish in which he lives is only a few miles in extent; but this parish is but a part of a country, which is again part of a state or kingdom. The state is probably many hundreds of miles long, and some hundreds broad, and it contains so many people, that it is not easy for a young person to understand their number. But, after all, a state is only a small part of the surface of the earth.

It will seem strange to young persons that they stand, not on a flat surface, as they would suppose, but upon a globe, shaped somewhat like an orange. Yet this is the fact. The firm earth beneath their feet is nothing else than a large ball—so large, that the small parts of it which we can see, appear quite flat. To make it clear that the earth is round, we may, on a clear day, look out from some high ground upon the sea, when we shall see the tops of approaching vessels first appear, and gradually the lower parts. The earth is about eight thousand miles in thickness, or twenty-four thousand in circumference, and is partly covered by water. The most of the land, as will be seen by reference to a map, is in large pieces called continents; other small pieces of land are called islands, of which England and Scotland are one, and Ireland another. The continents are divided into states, the most of which are occupied by nations, differing from each other in language and manners. The whole number of the people living on the earth is very great. A million is a thousand times a thousand; now there are, altogether, a thousand millions upon the earth.

Although the earth may seem very large and very populous, it is, after all, only the third of a set or class of globes, called planets, eleven in number, which move at different distances in the air, round the sun, and all of which are supposed to be occupied by living beings, and the things necessary for their sustenance. The moon is a small globe, which moves in like manner round the earth; and some of the other planets

have moons moving round them. The sun, which gives light and heat to the planets, is a body of vast size—one million three hundred thousand times larger than the earth. The earth is distant from it ninety-five millions of miles, and the eleventh or last of the planets is one thousand eight hundred millions of miles distant. Young persons cannot well form an idea of the immense space which is occupied by the sun and the eleven planets: it exceeds even the imaginations of full-grown men. But yet this is only a part of nature. Every little star which is seen twinkling in the sky, is a sun like ours, supposed to be surrounded, too, with a similar troop of planets, which, like our earth, are the residence of animated creatures. Though the stars seem near to each other, they are in reality millions of millions of miles distant. Nor do we see all. When we look through a telescope, which is an instrument for bringing within our sight objects too distant to be seen with the naked eye, we discover many more stars; and always the greater power we give to the telescope, we bring more into view. The number of the stars is indeed beyond all calculation.

What is here stated has been made quite certain by the inquiries of learned men; but it does not yet, apparently, comprehend the whole of nature. Learned men have found some reason for supposing that the stars which we see with the naked eye and the telescope, form but one cluster of worlds suspended in space. Far beyond the bounds of that vast cluster, they have perceived what they think may prove to be similar clusters of worlds, but reduced by their distance to so small a size, that most of them only appear like little clouds of faint light upon the dark ground of the sky. Indeed, as it is impossible to conceive a limit to space, or to the power of the Creator, we can hardly fail to come to the conclusion, that nature has no other bounds than those which have been set to our means of ascertaining and understanding it.

As already mentioned, the stars are supposed to be suns, or centres of light and heat, with planets revolving around them. The naked eye can only discern about a thousand, which have been classed in six magnitudes, with a regard to their various degrees of light; the largest stars being of the first magnitude, the next largest of the second magnitude, and so on. But when telescopes are employed, vast numbers, which are invisible to the naked eye, come into sight. Of the first magnitude, there are about twenty stars; of the second, about sixty; many of these have particular names, which were bestowed upon them long ago by astronomers. Of the third magnitude, there are about two hundred. The visible stars are scattered irregularly over the heavens; and in some instances a few, taken in combination, form figures which may be likened to familiar objects upon our earth. For instance, a combination in the northern part of the sky resembles an animal with its tail projected far behind its body; while another combination, which in winter we see in the south, suggests the figure of a man with a sword by his side. It has been found convenient by astronomers, to suppose the whole of the visible stars as forming figures, in order that the situation of any particular star may be readily described by one person to another. Those figures are called *constellations*, a word signifying a number of stars taken together. The cluster resembling an animal with a projecting tail, is called the *Great Bear*; the cluster resembling a man with his sword by his side, is called *Orion*, that having been the name of a fabulous hero of antiquity. The whole expanse of the sky has thus been supposed to be covered by figures of men, women, beasts, fishes, and other objects, all of which are delineated upon our celestial globes.

The largest star in the sky is one in the south, called *Sirius*, or the *Dog-Star*. If we could suppose it to be equal in size and light to our sun, we should know that it is distant from us the inconceivable space of two millions of millions of millions of miles. But one of the stars has been calculated to have a diameter three thousand times greater than our sun, so that the distance of *Sirius* may be somewhat less. It is certain, however, from other calculations, that the distance is not less (however more) than nineteen millions of millions of miles. Light travels at the rate of a million of miles in five seconds: now, it will take a year and a half to travel from some of those conspicuous stars. Other stars have been calculated to be forty-two thousand times more distant than *Sirius*; accordingly, the light which they bear in our eyes, when we look at them through a telescope, must have left them sixty-three thousand years ago, and been travelling a million of miles every five seconds ever since.

The stars are less numerous in some parts of the heavens than in others. If we were in a stripe or plantation around a field, we should see fewer trees towards its sides than in the direction of its length. Just so do we see more stars in one place than in another. There is a vast luminous belt which stretches across the heavens, and is called the *Milky Way*. This is simply an appearance produced by the comparatively great extent of space occupied by the stars in that direction. When inspected through a telescope, the *milky light* is found to be produced by a dense mass of stars at all degrees of distance. So numerous are the stars in the *Milky Way*, that an astronomer, directing his telescope to it, saw fifty thousand pass in a single hour.

Some of the more conspicuous stars, when inspected through a telescope, are found to consist of two, which

revolve round each other in a greater or less space of time, and are of various colours—some blue, and others reddish, and others green. These are called Binary Systems—binary signifying the condition of two in connection. Other stars, again, make periodical changes in their size and brilliancy, apparently in consequence of an alternate advancing and retiring, in and out of our sight. Some of these grow less and bigger in the space of two or three days; others in all spaces of time within five hundred years.

The sun, and the planets which circle around it, are called the Solar System—solar signifying what belongs to the sun. The sun is in the centre, while planets denominated Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, revolve at various distances around him. Between Mars and Jupiter, there are four other planets, called Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas; they are of very small size.

Besides the planets, all of which have regular motions, there is a class of bodies, called Comets, which also revolve round the sun, but in a very different manner. While all the planets move on nearly one level or plane, and in slightly oval circles of which the sun is nearly the centre, the comets travel in all directions far into space, and on their return pass very near to the sun's body. Many hundreds of comets have been ascertained to exist, and the periods at which some approach the sun have been calculated. But new ones are constantly coming under notice. One very celebrated one, called Halley's Comet, on account of the astronomer who first calculated its revolutions, approaches the sun once in seventy-six years: its last appearance was in the year 1835. Another, called for the same reason Encke's Comet, performs its revolution in less than four years. The appearance of these luminaries to the naked eye is that of a star with a long streaming tail. When inspected by telescopes, they are generally found to be composed of a light matter, through which the stars can be seen, while the tail is still more light and vapoury. Some comets have been seen with more tails than one: a comet, in the year 1744, had six. The uses or purposes of comets are not known; but it is ascertained that their courses are so arranged, that they come into and go out of the solar system, without the least chance of deranging the motions of the planets.

Mercury, Venus, and Mars, are about the same size with, or somewhat less than, the earth. An attendant planet or satellite, which we call the Moon, revolves round the earth, at the distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles. Jupiter is the largest of all the planets. Its thickness or diameter is eleven and a half times greater than that of the earth, and it is attended by four satellites. Saturn is of a diameter nine and a half times greater than that of the earth; it is surrounded by two thin plates or rings at different distances, and has seven satellites. Uranus is somewhat less than Saturn, and has six satellites.

The distances of the planets from the sun are as follows: Mercury 37, Venus 68, the Earth 95, Mars 144, Jupiter 490, Saturn 900, and Uranus 1800, millions of miles. Their periods of revolution are respectively, Mercury 88 days, Venus 225 days, the Earth 365½, Mars 687 days, Jupiter nearly 12 years, Saturn 29½ years, and Uranus nearly 84 years.

The sun, when inspected through a telescope, is found to be a body with a luminous exterior or atmosphere, in which small openings occasionally take place, so as to disclose a dark interior. These occasional openings are usually called spots upon the sun, and their existence has been the means of detecting a movement of the luminary upon an axis, corresponding with the direction in which the planets move in their orbits. The sun requires about twenty-five days to perform this revolution. The planets, besides their motion round the sun, perform, like that luminary, revolutions on their axes, which, in their case, are evidently designed to produce the phenomena of day and night. These revolutions are all in a particular direction, which can only be described conveniently by saying that it is from west to east.

The earth, as already mentioned, is the third of the planets, reckoning them by their distances from the sun. It is a globe of 7902 miles in mean or medium diameter—is composed of substances, solid and fluid, with which we are generally familiar—and is surrounded by an atmosphere of about forty-four miles in thickness, the purpose of which is to support animal and vegetable life. It is provided with one satellite or moon, which revolves around it in nearly twenty-eight days. Its own revolution round the sun is performed in 365 days, 5 hours, 56 minutes, and 57 seconds, which constitute the space of time called a year. Its revolution on its axis is performed in twenty-four hours.

For the sake of convenient description, the figure of the earth has been marked with various imaginary points and lines, which it is necessary to understand before we can well acquire any knowledge of either astronomy or geography.

Let it first be understood that the direction from which the earth moves is called the *west*; that towards which it moves, the *east*; that the point which is on the right hand of one standing with his back to the east, is called the *north*; that on the left hand, the *south*. The studious men who first inquired into these subjects, imagined the earth to move in its daily revolution upon a pole, such as is actually used in the construction of our fictitious globes: the point towards the north they called the *North Pole*; that to-

wards the south, the *South Pole*; and as they dwelt on a part of the earth nearer the north than the south pole, they supposed, in all their speculations, the former to be uppermost, though in reality such ideas as upper and under are quite inapplicable in astronomy. It is for this reason, that, in globes and maps, the northern part is always placed uppermost, the east being towards the right, and the west towards the left hand, with the south at the bottom.

Exactly between the two poles, a line, termed the *Equator*, has been drawn all around the figure of the earth. This has been divided into 360 spaces, termed degrees. Similar circles, denominated *Meridian Lines*, have been drawn in the contrary direction, so as to cross the equator at right angles. Ninety degrees intervene betwixt the equator and the pole in each direction. At the distance of 23½ degrees from the equator, to the north, a line parallel to the equator has been drawn, and is called the *Tropic of Cancer*, on account of the constellation in the corresponding part of the sky. At the same distance towards the south, a parallel line, called for a similar reason the *Tropic of Capricorn*, has been drawn. The intervening space is called the tropical region of the earth. At the same distance from the poles, parallel lines have been drawn, which bear the names of the Arctic and Antarctic Circles. Another line, encircling the earth, but touching at opposite points in the tropics, and cutting the equator obliquely, is called the *Ecliptic*. These lines, artificial as they are, bear an express reference to natural circumstances. The earth, it must be observed, does not move with its pole quite upright or perpendicular, but in an inclined or stooping posture, the departure from the perpendicular being as much as 23½ of the 90 degrees constituting the quarter of the circle. The purpose of this arrangement is to produce those beneficial and agreeable variations of heat and light, which we term the *Seasons*. The heat of the sun chiefly operates in a direct line, and upon objects which are directly opposed to it. Hence it is chiefly felt within that part of the earth traversed by the ecliptic—in other words, within the tropical regions—where the surface is presented to him at a right angle. The farther a place is to the north or south of those regions, his rays strike the surface more obliquely or indirectly, and the climate is the more cool—till, in the extreme north or south, we come to places where water is scarcely ever found except in the shape of ice or snow. These variations of the sun's heat are a most important part of the system of nature; for the vegetable productions of the earth, upon which men and animals depend for a great part of their subsistence, require, for being ripened, exactly those proportions of cold and warm weather, which the sun provides for them, and would cease to exist, if these proportions were materially deranged.

While the revolution of the earth round the sun produces the seasons, its revolution on its axis produces the equally important alternations of day and night. In turning from the west to the east, some part is constantly coming within sight of the great centre of light and heat; and at that place the sun then appears to be rising. The place moves onward, so as to come more directly under the influence of the sun, until, at noon, it is directly opposite. In proceeding, it gradually leaves the sun behind, until he seems to sink in the west, and night ensues. While he seems, however, to be setting at one place, he is rising to another on the opposite side of the globe, and producing every intermediate hour and minute of the day and night at some intermediate place. Within the arctic and antarctic circles, there is a certain time in winter during which the sun never sets, but circles round and round near the horizon; and a certain time in winter, during which he never rises. At the poles, these periods amount to the full half of the year, so that a single day and night might be said to last for a twelvemonth.

The moon is a globe, of 2144 miles diameter, which revolves round the earth in 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes, and 11 seconds, having a motion on its own axis performed in the same space of time, and also accompanying the earth in its circuit round the sun. The moon is not inherently luminous, as the sun is, but reflects the light of that body, which thus becomes what we call moonlight. The changes in the appearance of the moon, from being a thin luminous curve, to a complete circle, are produced in the course of its revolution round the earth. When the moon is at the point farthest from the sun, we, being between the two, see the whole of the luminous side. As the moon advances to a point between us and the sun, the luminous side gradually recedes from our view, until it is wholly averted from us. These variations are called the Phases of the Moon.

If the orbit of the moon were regularly conformable to the orbit of the earth, it would, every fortnight, either be between the earth and the sun, or have the earth between itself and that luminary. But its orbit has been arranged in such a manner that it very rarely causes and experiences this interruption of light. When it intercepts light from us, it is said to eclipse the sun: when light is intercepted from it by the earth, it is said to be itself eclipsed.

The luminous surface of the moon, as seen through a telescope, appears full of high mountains, some of which are volcanoes, and frequently spout with fire and burning matter. This inferior luminary not only affords us a partial light, but exercises a powerful influence over vegetable and animal life, and is the

cause of the tides. Many of its uses are as yet but imperfectly understood.

The stars, the solar system, and the circumstances connected with the earth as a planet, form the subjects of a science termed Astronomy, from the Greek *astron*, a star, and *nomos*, a law.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

A PAMPHLET, entitled "Observations on the advantages of Emigration to New South Wales, for the information of the labouring classes in the United Kingdom"—Smith, Elder, and Co., London—has just been brought under our notice, from which we propose to give a few useful gleanings. Much of the information concerning emigration is from the evidence of respectable landholders and others, taken before a committee of the council at Sydney, and, therefore, we suppose, may be depended on as correct. In the first place, it appears that the colony offers many inducements for the emigration of good workmen, farm-servants, labourers, and female domestics.

"I am a proprietor of land and stock in this colony to a considerable extent (says John Blaxland, Esq. in his evidence). I am acquainted with the wants of the colonists in respect to labour of different kinds. Overseers, such as fall under the description of bailiffs at home, to take charge of a farm, and to conduct the operations of the men, and such as understand the management of cattle and sheep, are much wanted. Shepherds, dairymen, stockmen, ploughmen, farm labourers, rough carpenters, stone cutters and setters, bricklayers, brickmakers, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, shoemiths, millers, millwrights, shemakers, and house-servants, are also greatly in demand. Grooms, horsebreakers, gardeners, harness-makers, butchers, coopers, woolsorters, coachmen, plumbers, glaziers and painters, joiners, cabinet-makers, tailors, shipwrights, boat-builders, sawyers, bakers, tin and wire-workers, wine coopers, and, I may add, any person of industrious habits, can get a good living and support a wife and children, the necessities of life being very reasonable. Of females—laundresses, house servants, including housemaids, dairymen, and cooks, would find employment in considerable numbers. I think that of the persons of the above description, a ship-load of two hundred to two hundred and fifty, arriving once a-month, might be disposed of, without difficulty, immediately on their arrival. I would myself take ten labouring men and three females."

George Cox, Esq. in his evidence, makes the following statement:—"I am a considerable landed proprietor and owner of sheep and cattle in this colony. My family and myself would be willing to take about sixty men, if they were of the description we require. The kind of persons most wanted in the colony are blacksmiths that can shoe, wheelwrights, bricklayers, brickmakers, stone-masons, and carpenters. I should myself be glad to take a man that can weave and spin, and I think that every establishment would also take one. I would also be glad to engage a cooper, as I salt my own meat. Good butchers, that are acquainted with the mode of cutting up meat for exportation, are also much required. Of farm labourers—ploughmen, reapers, mowers, stackers, and thatchers, also gardeners and good spademen, are much wanted. But the description of persons wanted more than any other, are shepherds. Woolsorters and shearers are also greatly in demand. The ordinary rate for useful mechanics of the description I have mentioned, is from £20 to £25, with rations of meat, and wheat or flour, fuel, and lodging; if the wives would make themselves useful, they would also receive rations. Shepherds and farm labourers now receive from £12 to £16 a-year, with rations of meat, and flour or wheat, fuel, and lodging. I think the settlers would be disposed generally to take off persons of the description I have mentioned immediately on their arrival."

"I am of opinion (says H. M. Arthur, Esq.) that two thousand men would readily find places the first year, and that the demand would increase annually, with the increasing property and advancing prosperity of an enterprising community thus periodically gaining strength, both moral and political, and consequently developing the resources, and accumulating wealth over the vast field presented to them in our extensive forests and pastures. With the men it will be necessary to introduce a considerable number of women, who will be provided for according to their ability as servants, at from £7 to £15 per annum, with board or rations, and lodging suitable to their avocations. They will also be rapidly provided for by marriage, if they are industrious, and well taught in country work, such as house, dairy, or poultry-yard management.

The class of people most desirable are those born and bred in remote parts of England, Scotland, or Wales—people accustomed to a life perfectly rural, unacquainted with the bustling busy scenes of town life, and therefore more likely to be content in the secluded retirement of distant farms and stations in this colony. Young men with their wives would be most desirable for all agricultural establishments, while unmarried men would be more generally desired in the herding of sheep and cattle."

It is quite clear from these extracts, as well as from the whole tenor of the observations, that there is am-

ple scope in New South Wales for almost any given number of respectable emigrants, both male and female, possessing characters for skill, honesty, and industry. With a view to enable such persons to emigrate to the Australian colonies, a married couple (when the committee for promoting emigration are satisfied as to their character) will be conveyed out in the ships fitted under their direction, at a charge of £10 only, beyond the aid afforded by government; children under five years old will be charged £5 each, and those above that age £1 per year in addition; but daughters above twelve years old, when accompanying their parents, will be allowed a free passage; infants also under one year, will not be charged for. All particulars may be known, the necessary advice and information obtained, and the government assistance arranged, by applying, either personally or by letter, to Mr John Marshall, agent to the committee, 26, Birchin Lane, Cornhill, London; if by letter, it must be sent to him under cover, addressed "To the Under Secretary of State, Colonial Department, London." It will be necessary that the application be accompanied by a satisfactory certificate of character from a resident minister of the parish, or from some other respectable persons to whom the applicant may be well known. We believe that similar information may be readily obtained from the government agent to promote emigration to the colony, resident in each of the principal sea-ports in the kingdom, and that the shipowners who advertise vessels for the use of emigrants are in the habit of giving blank schedules to applicants, who can have little or no trouble in filling them up.

It is acknowledged on all hands that New South Wales possesses one of the finest climates on earth, there being almost a perpetual spring and summer, which in this respect gives the colony a vast superiority over the Canadas, or other countries where long severe winters prevail. The New South Wales winter, if it can be called a winter, takes place in July, while the hottest weather occurs in December and January, which is the very reverse of the seasons in Britain. The following summary of the Australian year, which we extract from *The Colonist*, a Sydney newspaper recently established, will convey to our readers an idea of the order of the seasons in this distant region:—

January. Generally the hottest month of the year. Wheat harvest ends. The locust's song gets weaker, and insects of the finer tribes begin to die off. Fruit plentiful: water melons in abundance. The orange-tree in blossom. Thunder-storms frequent, accompanied by showers of rain. Average temperature 73 degrees.

February. Heavy close weather may be looked for this month. Thunder-showers now and then. Last of the hot north-west winds, commonly the most intense. Stone-fruits begin to get scarce. The grape, pear, fig, and apple, in their prime. Mosquitoes congregate in clouds, and prove singularly troublesome to the lieges. Average temperature 74 degrees.

March. Rains may now be expected. The vegetable world begins to recover from the parching effects of the summer sun, and plants of European growth or parentage lift their drooping heads. The equinoctial gales blow fiercely as in all other parts of the world. Average temperature 70 degrees.

April. Heavy rains during this month, and the weather broken and uncertain. News of 'accidents by field and flood,' from the Hunter and Hawkesbury Rivers. Sydney a quagmire, and mudboots a necessary appendage. Australian fruits vanish, and apples make their appearance from Van Dieman's Land. Monsieur Mosquito tenders his farewell card, leaving only a few skirmishers to look after the fresh arrivals. Average temperature 65 degrees.

May. The finest month of the year, and the most congenial to the European constitution. Weather clear, cool, and bracing. The sun sets and rises in a cloudless sky for weeks together. Heavy mist at times, succeeded by tolerably mild days. Average temperature 58 degrees.

June. Wheat-sowing finished in all the districts. Oranges brought to market, and continue in season for six months. Vegetables of all kinds in the greatest abundance, and of the finest quality. General character same as last month. The maize harvest ends. Average temperature 53 degrees.

July. Generally clear and cool like the two preceding months. Ice may be seen a few miles out of town; and thirty or forty miles inland, the thermometer falls to 30 and 32 degrees. In and about Sydney it is rarely seen under 40 degrees. Average temperature 52 degrees.

August. Broken weather about this period, with heavy gales of wind. The bull-frog all alive in the ponds and marshes—'Croak, croak, croak.' Heavy rains from the S.S.E. and S.W. The peach-tree puts forth its delicate blossom about the middle of the month, clothing the gardens and orchards with beauty. Average temperature 55 degrees.

September. The vernal equinox; fresh, hard, and heavy gales. The orchards present a beautiful appearance this month, the peach-tree forming the principal feature in the picture. Towards the latter end of the month, the thermometer begins to rise, and the mornings are pleasantly warm. Average temperature 60 degrees.

October. Planting of maize, or Indian corn, commences. Two hours after sunrise, that is, from six till

eight o'clock, the finest part of the day. Monsieur Mosquito makes his first appearance on any skin. Average temperature 64 degrees.

November. The hot weather sets in. Dust ankle deep, and fine as tooth-powder, possessing peculiarly searching qualities. 'The bush' teems with flying, creeping, and crawling things. Wheat harvest commences in the northern districts, and sheep-shearing is begun throughout the colony. Average temperature 70 degrees.

December. Hot winds now and then, generally followed by a southerly wind and a cloudy sky. Thunder, lightning, and rain, at intervals. The locusts in full voice, and congregating on the oaks and gum-trees in myriads. The Christmas dinner is eaten with open doors and windows, and the thermometer standing at 85 degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade. Average temperature 74 degrees."

SECRETS.

A SECRET known to a large community is a phenomenon of so frequent occurrence as almost to cease to be a phenomenon. While the individual principally concerned supposes a particular fact, most interesting to him, to be hid in his own bosom and that of one friend only, how often is the whole world ringing with it! For this there are two reasons—the desire of possessing, and the desire of communicating, a secret. Of these emotions it would be difficult to say which is the more powerful. Curiosity is unquestionably a strong passion. The eagerness of some people to obtain the most trivial kind of information, is calculated to excite the wonder of a rational mind; and that women are more under the influence of this spirit than men, is one of the oldest standing charges against the sex. Yet, overpowering as this emotion may be, the desire of communicating a secret is not less so. The bursting impatience of the true blabber to get his tale told—the pent breath, the sparkling eyes, the restless manner—speak for themselves, notwithstanding all the airs of coolness and indifference with which he may endeavour to veil his burning eagerness, and which, while serving this purpose, only give an additional piquancy to the passion which possesses him. Feeling deeply the pleasure which the communication of the secret has conferred upon himself, and calculating securely that it will excite the same feeling in others, he goes about for days from house to house, inoculating people with a delightful astonishment, and enjoying either a sympathetic happiness in their gratification, or a sense of importance in the power of thus affecting so many minds. Without regard to the comparative strength of the two passions, it may very readily be conceded that the communicating passion is that which chiefly operates in the surprisingly rapid diffusion which most secrets obtain. The curiosity might be twice as strong as it is; but to what good, so long as it cannot divine where the secret is to be had? It is only when it chances to learn that there is a secret, that it comes into action. On the contrary, the communicating spirit, kindling at the first moment of possession, never rests till, like heat, it has become equalised with the surrounding atmosphere, and the secret is a secret no longer. For once, indeed, that curiosity penetrates a mystery, unretentiveness explodes hundreds.

For this result the principal parties generally blame their immediate confidant or confidants; but in most cases they are themselves the sole causes of the mischief. However delicate the affair, however nearly it might concern their honour and standing with the world, they could not be content to keep it to themselves, but felt an irresistible impulse to confide it to some other person. They are apt to look upon this act as a mark of confidence due to their friend, when it is in reality mere weakness. If they thus show themselves unable to guard their own secrets, how can they expect others to possess the necessary strength of mind? The friend may have given a promise of concealment; but can any such promise be expected to prove so binding on a second and comparatively unconnected party, as the consciousness of the delicacy and importance of the secret to himself ought to have been upon the mind of the party chiefly interested? The natural law on this subject appears to be, that, at each remove from the principal party, the retentiveness decreases in about a geometrical ratio. Thus, if the disposition to confide be as one in the principal person, the impulse to blab will be as two in the confidant, four in the next party, eight in the next, and sixteen and so forth in those who follow. The only true way of concealing what would, if divulged, give us uneasiness, is to restrain the communicating spirit in ourselves.

A different class of cases involve the necessity of confiding our secrets to others. Something, of course, must then be ventured. Yet even here discretion in the choice of confidants will enable us greatly to diminish the risk of blabbing. It is a curious fact that we are in general less scrupulous in speaking of delicate personal affairs to persons beneath us in intellect and station, than in conversing with our equals in both respects. Some humble dependent will thus be-

come acquainted with family matters which we would studiously conceal from individuals moving in our own circle. We are in fact actors to a certain extent before our equals and superiors for the sake of their approbation, while, with our inferiors, not caring much what they think of us, we are apt to exhibit the natural man. In choosing confidants for affairs of real importance, we should be on our guard against this weakness. None but those who have sufficient strength of mind to keep their own secrets, and enough of affection for us to induce them to take the same care of ours, can be expected to prove faithful. They should be persons as much as possible animated by the same predominant feelings, moving in the same sphere, and pursuing kindred objects in life. Let the smallest possible number serve; for the necessity of confidence is, after all, an unfortunate one, and the multiplication of confidants is sure to multiply the chances of betrayal.

Married women have an extra moral principle of their own—a kind of eleventh commandment—to the effect that all knowledge should be in common between themselves and their husbands, or at least that the husband should communicate every thing he knows, even the secrets of friends, to his wife. It is certainly a happy state of things when a man finds his best confidant and adviser in the partner of his home; and there is a class of affairs, chiefly of a domestic character, about which there ought to be no concealment between such parties, unless the one shall prove totally unworthy of the confidence of the other. But while the benefits of inter-communication of knowledge between man and wife may be allowed as a general principle, the former party is liable, in the course of public life, to become acquainted with many things, which, if he were to communicate them to his wife, would confer upon her neither pleasure nor real honour, but only be needlessly exposed to an additional risk of being promulgated. In the overflowing fullness of her affection for her husband, she may feel that this prudential course implies a reserve of which she could not be guilty towards him; but she ought to reflect, that the circumstances which come under his attention are not perhaps of a kind with which it is desirable that she should be acquainted; that circumstances may be confided to him which he cannot honourably reveal to any; and that, by learning them even under the strictest assurances of concealment, she would be needlessly imposing upon herself a duty, which at all times calls for the exercise of a painful restraint, and might be broken through in a moment of inadvertency, to her own great sorrow. In the *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*, there is an anecdote which may be safely left without remark to tell upon this point:—

"One day, in discourse, Lady ——— commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in good understanding thereof, as Lady A., Lady S., Mrs T., and divers others, and that for it nobody was more capable than myself—that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen,* and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, that if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day never had in my mouth 'What news?' began to think there was more in inquiring into the business of public affairs than I thought of, and that, being a fashionable thing, it would make me more beloved of my husband (if that had been possible) than I was. After my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him (as my custom ever was), he went with his hand full of papers into his study for an hour or more. I followed him—he turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed at that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smiling replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I resumed my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing. He (as usual) sat by me, and drank often to me (which was his custom), and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to our chamber, I asked him again, and said, I could not believe he loved me, if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he said nothing, and stopped my mouth with kisses; so we went to bed. I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning (as his custom was) he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply. He rose, came to the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtain softly, and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me (as was usual); and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled.' To which he (taking me in his arms) answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when thou asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee. My life and fortune shall be thine, and every thing of my heart; but my honour is mine own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee, with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon con-

* Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I., and at that time engaged in the important task of raising foreign funds for the carrying on of the civil war

sideration, it made my folly appear to be so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated to me freely, in order to his estate or family."

While inability to retain secrets is a mark of weakness, an extreme retentiveness, verging upon cunning, may be equally reprehensible. There is a class of persons who study to conceal every circumstance affecting their character and interests, and are equally mysterious about the name of a friend with whom they dined last week, as about the amount of their fortune or their last consultation with their partners. This is the excess of a quality which, in moderation, is not only allowable, but necessary. A judicious restraint upon the tongue, so as to avoid the exposure of what would either depreciate ourselves or offend others, is indispensable to our social state of being, and can be practised without the least infringement of the great law of sincerity. It is in designedly misleading, or allowing to be misled, that truth is violated—not in merely setting a watch over ourselves, to prevent the utterance of what must needs lead to mischief. If we were more generally to reflect on the trouble which this restraint costs us, we should be less willing than we usually are to become the custodians of the secrets of our friends. If it is difficult, in the heat of conversation, to prevent our own from escaping us, how much more difficult must it be to retain those of other persons, many of which, however interesting to the principal parties, must have failed to impress us with any strong sense of the propriety of their concealment. So painful indeed is the responsibility thus incurred, that it would be well to make a practice of refusing to listen to secrets in all indifferent cases, and only to undertake the duty of keeping them when some obvious good is to be accomplished by it. Montaigne has some excellent observations on this subject. "What is trusted with me as a secret," says he, "I religiously conceal; but I take as few trusts upon me of that nature as I can. The secrets of princes [and, it might be added, of all other persons] are a troublesome burden to those who are not interested in them. I very willingly bargain that they trust me with little, but that they rely with confidence on what I tell them. I have always known more than I desired. One open way of speaking introduces another, and draws out discoveries like wine and love. In my opinion Philpides answered King Lysimachus very discreetly, who asking him what share of his estate he should bestow upon him, 'What you will,' said he, 'provided it be none of your secrets.' I see that every one grumbles and is displeased if the bottom of such affairs as he is concerned in be concealed from him, or that there be any reservation used in the things: for my part, I am content to know no more of the matter than what it is intended I should be employed in, nor do I desire that my knowledge should exceed or constrain my promise."

BEGGARS AND SORNERS.

THE practice of bestowing alms on beggars on the streets and highways, though arising from a good feeling, is really more injurious than beneficial to the recipients. It is beyond dispute that the more that is given to beggars, the more do they increase in numbers; and in proportion as little is bestowed, so do they diminish, and altogether vanish. In our early days, begging was common—every body served them, and consequently they were numerous. We remember seeing old decrepit women carried about on barrows in the country, from door to door; and such was the attention shown to them, that they were generally not only not thankful, but absolutely insolent. If the servant girls of the families before whose doors they were placed, did not carry them steadily, they would not hesitate to give them a thwack with their crutch. Thus did these old women circulate through the country, almost commanding lodgings and alms wherever they were carried. They were the last remnants of the ancient sturdy beggars of Scotland—the class of *sorners*—or vagrants who helped themselves to what they liked best in the houses of the peasantry, and begged on the highways much after the manner of the mendicant described by Gil Blas, who, while seeking an alms, levelled his rusty musket at the traveller—an argument altogether irresistible. Begging on this, or any other plan, is now, we are glad to say, little known in Scotland, and mendicity is entirely proscribed in the well-regulated towns. The poor being therefore thrown on their own resources, or, if impotent, supported either by private benevolence or parochial aid, there is no longer need for bestowing alms upon them. They are cared for on right principles, and not left to gather a subsistence, or the means of intemperate living, by working on the compassion of householders, or the charitably disposed passenger. In Dumfriesshire and Galloway, as we lately remarked from an advertisement in a newspaper, a plan has been adopted by the local authorities, by which public begging will be effectually suppressed in the dis-

trict, and yet every destitute wanderer relieved. It consists in the establishment of stations, where lodging is given gratis, and also some food, consisting of oat bread; the party receiving the same being passed onward by a ticket, and prevented from loitering in the place, or returning. We recommend authorities in other parts of the United Kingdom to procure a copy of the regulations on the subject, and, as speedily as possible, follow so excellent a mode of relieving the wandering poor, and suppressing the demoralising practice of public begging.

In the reports of the commissioners relative to the poor of Ireland, there are some interesting details respecting the practice of begging in that country. The following are a few gleanings from the depositions of witnesses.—It is a common custom among beggars' families to divide themselves into parties; they may be seen continually doing so as they approach a town or a gentleman's gate. On the whole, the able-bodied man will collect more by a day's begging than any other, in consequence of his being able to travel more. Beggars, when they obtain more food than they require for their own consumption, sell it. It was stated by more than one witness, that there were regular fixed places where beggars' provisions were sold. With the produce they buy tobacco, tea, spirits, and other luxuries. The generality of beggars are too improvident and dissolute to save any thing from their earnings. They are always ragged, although in the enjoyment of more of the luxuries of life than the labouring population; they frequently patch their clothes, although the clothes themselves be good. Bad clothes are often worn over good ones. Medical practitioners stated that it was a common trick with mendicants, and more particularly with such as frequent markets and fairs, to steep a halfpenny in aquafortis, and lay it on their limbs in order to produce sores. One individual who is now constantly begging in the streets and neighbourhood of Ballymena, has a cataract in his eye. Some time ago a medical practitioner offered to perform an operation upon the eye, but the mother of the man refused, upon the plea that if her son recovered his sight, he would not be able to earn his bread so well as he does now. An instance is mentioned of a child with water on the brain, who is a great source of gain to its parents. Idiots and deaf and dumb children also have been carried about here, and their parents are of course anxious that they should appear as disgusting objects as possible. Beggars are almost invariably bad characters. It was remarked that the blind and the crippled (for whom more commiseration is felt, and who, consequently, obtain the largest donations, and are never refused to be helped) are in general the most incorrigible drunkards. Commiseration felt for the female sex, may account for the large number of young and able-bodied women who beg. They frequently "hold jubilees" in the cabins in town, which are let out as lodging-houses. Dr Young saw a man lying on the road near Ballymena, and counterfeiting extreme debility almost to death; the counterfeit was admirable, with the exception of the pulse, which was beating so strong and fully as to show that the person was in perfect health. He found the poor in the neighbourhood were aware of the counterfeit, as the man had obtained lodging before, by the same pretended exhibition of suffering, in houses from which various articles and money had been missed after his departure. A day or two afterwards, passing by the spot, he inquired if any of the poor had received the man into their cabins, and found that none had; a circumstance which could only be attributed to their knowledge of the man's being a thief, for no cottar would otherwise have refused a lodging to a fellow-creature in such apparent debility and exhaustion. No confirmed vagrant would be willing to emigrate to America. They are not very kind to their children; when they approach a house to solicit alms, they pinch them that they may be seen to cry, as if for want of food; and when they send them out alone, if they return with little or nothing, they beat them. Women are almost always accompanied by one or more children, and the practice of borrowing children is stated not to be uncommon. Beggars are generally those who have married the earliest in life, for the very poorest are always the most ready and eager to marry; but while beggars, few or none have been known to ask to be married. Beggars generally live to an old age. An able-bodied man would collect much more by begging than he could earn as a labourer.

Such are the general results of the evidence on this point. There are some special exceptions, however. In the parishes of Dungiven and Banagher, for instance, in the county of Londonderry, a poor mountainous district, in which it is said the small farmers all labour occasionally for others, the Rev. Mr. Ross, the Protestant rector, says, "Morality and kindness are prevalent among all. There are no beggar lodging-houses here. A beggar remains in the evening with the family of the man who has given him lodging, and tells them whatever news he has picked up. It is wonderful to see how freely they are admitted into the houses, where you often see groups of beggars sitting round the fire." The beggar does not, under such circumstances, consider his case hard; he sees few persons better off. Doherty, a beggar, one of the parties in a conference in this parish, honestly said, "I would not love to emigrate to America; I like to toddle about my own country." Doherty seems to have given very candid evidence as to his gains—"I might get a good lot, if able to travel; from three to four stone of pota-

toes, when they are plenty. I have known myself get six pounds of meal in the day; if potatoes were 1s. 6d. a bushel, as they are often in June, I would only get may be half a stone; if meal was 2s. 6d., I might get three handfuls, not quite a pound; and if I had a wife and two or three children, I would be always pinched enough." Mr Doherty's candid account of his gains as a beggar, reminds us of the answer given by a London mendicant to a gentleman who inquired if he were not ashamed to beg on the streets, when he was apparently quite able to work. "Ashamed to beg!" replied the surprised mendicant; "what should I be ashamed of? I could not work for more than half a crown a-day, and I can make three times as much by begging. It is a poor street in which I do not pick up a penny, and I can manage to go through a hundred streets in a day." This impudent reply closes the argument of the philosophy of begging, and should also close the pockets of those who allow themselves to be imposed on by the false pretences of the vagrant corps.

EARLY DAYS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE leading events of the life of Sir Walter Scott were made known at the time of his death in a brief and unpretending memoir published in connection with the present work. From that and other sources it is generally known that he was one of several sons born to Mr Walter Scott, writer to the signet in Edinburgh, and first saw the light in the year 1771; that he was, at an early period of life, afflicted with lameness and weak health, and, by being thus abstracted from the common sports of childhood, became an enthusiastic student and miscellaneous reader; and that he, in time, served an apprenticeship to his father's profession, but finally became an advocate, as a barrister is called in Scotland, under which ostensible character he first attracted attention as an author.

Not long after the death of this eminent person, an extended account of his life was published in Edinburgh, the early part of the narrative being from the pen of Mr William Weir, of the Scottish bar, while the latter portion was the composition of Mr George Allan, a person of respectable talents, since deceased. This work does not, of course, possess the interest and value which may be expected to attach to one which has been promised by Mr Lockhart, the son-in-law of the illustrious novelist, and editor of the foremost literary periodical in the country. Yet in the account given by Mr Weir of the early days of Scott, there is a grouping of minute facts which shows both research and talent, and tends to form such a picture of the growing mind of a great man, as we rarely find in literary biography. A few extracts from this part of Mr Weir's narrative, connected by a few words of our own, are here presented.

In consequence of a paralytic affection which seized his right limb before he was two years old, almost his first steps in life were performed with the assistance of a crutch. When transferred, for the benefit of country air, to his grandfather's farm-house at Sandyknowe, he fell peculiarly under the charge of a sister of his father's—"aunt Jenny"—a clever and satirical, but without kind woman, whom Mr Weir thus describes:—"She is said to have possessed an immense store of ballads and legendary tales. She seems in her more advanced years to have settled down into what is commonly called 'a character'; for a lady of rank who was much attached to her, and with whom she spent much of her time, used to exclaim, 'Oh! Jenny, Jenny, you will be in print yet.' Be this as it may, this delicious specimen of that dearest of God's creatures, an old maiden (or widowed and childless) aunt, devoted herself from the first to her 'puir lammie laddie,' with all a mother's love. She watched and cherished him, guarded him from accidents, and coddled him with little dainties; told tales to amuse his waking hours, and sung him to sleep at nights. For a course of years she persevered in these attentions, making frequent sacrifices of her personal comforts when any prospect offered of establishing his health. And well did her nursing repay her attentions. She has not 'been in print'; the subject was too holy to be laid bare to the public gaze."

To continue in Mr Weir's words—"There were two more of the old man's grandchildren inmates of his house when Walter arrived, both of whom were younger than the stranger. One of them still remembers him as kind and attentive to them—as 'a famous playfellow.' He used to limp about, leaning on his little crutch, with the lesser imps trotting after him. His own reminiscences of this period will serve to fill up the sketch which this good lady has left imperfect:—

For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, and cared.

It may appear fanciful to some, but we feel thoroughly convinced that in this situation the first germs of those imaginings to which he owed his future eminence were planted in his mind. The intensity

with which he has been able to identify himself with the feelings which animate the 'farmer's ha', could never have been awakened in after-life. He was a denizen of that abode of homely shrewdness and glowing comfort. Educated in a town, he might have felt the strength and humour of Diamond's character, but he could not have entered into the depth and warmth of his affections. He knew from experience how much sterling nobility of sentiment is compatible with what appears mere rudeness to the finical children of the conventional circles. He was taught to feel the difference between true worth and refinement, and when in after-life he sought for heroes to his tales, he had no prejudices to lay aside, and threw himself at once boldly into the arms of nature. The spirit of holiness too which has breathed over the rural life of Scotland, settled down upon him. In Marmon he describes

— the venerable priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest—
Whose life and manners well could paint,
Alike the student and the saint.

But there were more exciting forms mingling at times in the group. Speaking of the prototype of Meg Merrilies, he says, 'When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon.' Nay, he had occasion to see such figures with the eyes of the body as well as of the mind. 'Notwithstanding the failure of Jean's issue, for which

Weary fa' the wawa' widdle,

a granddaughter survived her, whom I remember to have seen. That is, as Dr Johnson had a shadowy recollection of Queen Anne, as a stately lady in black, adorned with diamonds, so my memory is haunted with a solemn remembrance of a woman of more than female height, dressed in a long red cloak, who commenced acquaintance by giving me an apple, but whom, nevertheless, I looked on with as much awe as the future doctor, High Church and Tory as he was doomed to be, could look upon the queen. I conceive this woman to have been Madge Gordon.' Tales of that savage life which had long maintained its place amid advancing civilisation, like a patch of moor in the midst of a highly cultivated country, were the marvels which circulated round the fire as young Scott clung to his grandfathers' knees, and a stray specimen of the tribe still survived to lend greater reality to the dreams which those wild stories conjured up.

The same remark holds good with regard to his aunt's thousand and one tales of border strife, and her snatches of old songs. The land around Smallholm is haunted ground. In front rise the wizard Eildon hills, behind the no less wizard tower of Learmont. Storied Melrose and Dryburgh 'peep from leafy shade,' and the 'broom of the Cowdenknoves' still waves on the one hand, while 'Yarrow braes' and 'Gala water' rise and roll on the other. The minds of children feel as intense delight in the bare apprehension of facts, as our more jaded fancies in the most wayward combinations of poetry. Nay, poetry is to them but as any other narrative: its deeper sense, the witching atmosphere that breathes about it, they cannot feel. It serves the same as prose to store their minds with images over which, when the dormant power awakens within them, they may exercise 'sovereign away and masterdom.' With what intenseness of reality then must the most lovely creations of the Scottish muse have presented themselves to young Scott—how deeply must they have impressed themselves on his belief, and intermingled with his being, when the scene of every legend lay visible before him! There is something in this blending of fiction and truth, which, to the mind of a child, is almost equivalent to reality.

The exact duration of the boy's stay at Sandyknowe we have not been able to ascertain. On the death of her father, the warm-hearted and indefatigable aunt Jenny took up her residence in Kelso, and thither the child of so many cares accompanied her. Miss Scott inhabited, while resident in Kelso, a small house in the east corner of the churchyard, called 'the Garden,' which our informant believes to have been her own property. At a short distance, and in a house which communicated by means of a back lane with Miss Jenny's, dwelt her sister Mrs Carle or Curll. The nieces who had resided at Smallholm accompanied their aunt to Kelso as well as Walter. The sisters spent much of their time together, and the juvenile members of Miss Jenny's establishment seem to have regarded the house of either aunt indifferently as their home. Miss Jenny mixed a good deal in the most genteel society that the place afforded, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her.

Miss Jenny's house was situated, as has already been mentioned, at a corner of the churchyard. The parish school-house was erected within the enclosure which surrounded 'the holy dwelling.' The increasing years and stature of her juvenile protégés, together with the immediate vicinity of the place of instruction, determined the good lady to send them to school. It is a strange feeling with which children first enter the precincts of the 'dominie's' rule. A large room filled with long wooden benches, crossing and re-crossing each other, is filled with children sorted into classes, each with real or pretended interest muttering to itself in half-articulated sounds the lessons it will shortly be called upon to repeat. At one end of the apartment is a man ensconced in a desk, with a band drawn up in a semicircle round him. They have all books in their hands, and he has a

large black leather strap lying beside him, curiously notched at one end into long narrow 'whangs.' The constrained attitudes of the children, and their subdued, slightly tremulous voices, show that it is no play that is going forward. If it be winter, a clear peat fire is blazing in the grate, and the thin blue smoke goes dancing up the chimney. If it be summer, the windows are all open, and the mild air enters refreshingly through them, bearing upon its wings the smell of flowers, or the circling boom of the wild bee. The latch lifts with a click, and the new-comer is ushered in. Instantly all is silence, and the intense gaze of the silent imps and the strangeness of the whole scene appal the little stranger, as holding fast by his friendly conductor with one hand, and stuffing the thumb of the other into his mouth, he advances with sinking heart towards the master of the place.

The teacher to whose care Scott was entrusted, when first introduced to a school, was not of a character and appearance likely to assuage the fears of his new pupil. He still lives in the memory of Walter's surviving cousin, as 'a big, queer-looking, uncouth man.' Another schoolfellow describes him as 'a strange uncouth-looking person, with a two-storied wig, blind of an eye, and withal the worst tempered man in Britain.' 'He must,' concludes a friend from whom we have received this information, 'he must therefore have been an awful pedagogue.' The name of this unlovely specimen of the schoolmaster was not less tremendous than himself—it was 'Lancelot Whale.'

Our information respecting the literary qualifications of this Ogre turned schoolmaster (for his externals certainly qualify him to figure in a fairy tale), is less precise than that which relates to his figure and temper. As little do we know of the progress which his pupil made in learning while under his care. Walter remained only one year at school, and during that time he was engaged in learning Latin, from which we infer that his aunt Jenny, or some other inmate of his home, must have taken upon themselves the charge of initiating him into the earlier rudiments of learning.

Such of his schoolfellows as recollect Sir Walter Scott at Whale's school, agree that he mingled little in the amusements of the rest of the boys. When returned to Edinburgh, and in attendance at the High School, 'however indulgent his parents might show themselves in regard to physical weakness, in every other respect he, along with his brothers, was subjected to a most rigorous system of drilling. His father, methodical in every thing, insisted upon the most punctual observance of family hours. Their food was wholesome and plentiful, but plain; and with the ascetic affectation of a certain class of citizens of the old school, any expression of preference for dainties even of the simplest nature was prohibited as a kind of crime. It was esteemed a virtue to appear ignorant of whether the food were palatable or not. One day a quantity of soot had accidentally fallen into the broth, and some wry faces were made at the black and bitter mess. 'Gentlemen,' said their father, eating away with the most persevering equanimity, 'I eat them, and you must eat them too.'

In matters of religious discipline, if possible, greater strictness was observed; as becometh the house of one who was a confidential friend of Dr Erskine, and an elder of his session, and who is still remembered, propped upon his gold-headed cane and wrapped in his red cloak, earnestly watching the *cairn* of eleemosynary *baubees* heaped upon the pewter plate at the door of the Greyfriars' Church. The theatre was a forbidden place. It was then customary for the High School boys to desire a play once a-year. Attendance on the occasion was not compulsory, but payment of the ticket was. Old Scott duly paid the 3s. for each of his boys, but refused to permit them to enter the unholy precincts.

When Walter returned from Roxburghshire, there was a young probationer of the Church of Scotland of the name of Mitchell, now the venerable and respected pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Wooler, residing in the family in the capacity of tutor. Family worship was daily performed by this gentleman in his own room, at which such members of the household as chose to attend were present. On the mornings and evenings of the Sabbath, however, attendance was imperative. Immediately before evening prayer, Mrs Scott examined the whole family, at great length, on religious subjects, with the exception of her husband, who remained below. On these occasions Walter always distinguished himself by the retentiveness of his memory, and the extent of his information. Those who have experienced similar attention, on the part of a parent or other relative, to their religious instruction, will agree with us as to its beneficial operation, both on the intellect and the imagination. The restraint, the sameness, may at times be irksome to the temper of youth, but the exercise afforded to the memory, and the habit engendered of watching associations, that we may be enabled to draw upon our store of knowledge at a moment's warning, invigorate the mind; while the sense of reverential awe with which the task is performed, confirmed by habit, softens and attunes the mind, and furnishes to future years one of our most solemn, elevated, and tender objects of recollection. Even after Mr Mitchell's departure, the practice was continued, recourse being had to any stray preacher or student of theology that could be laid hold of. Concomitant upon this strict sanctification of the

Sabbath, and indeed guaranteeing its observance, was seclusion from the visits of friends on that day. The oldest surviving servant of the family only remembers one gentleman admitted to partake of the Sunday 'sheep-head broth,' a Mr McIntosh, who used occasionally to dine with the family on the Sabbath."

The principal visitors at his father's house are happily sketched. Among other persons from whom the thoughtful boy drank in the spirit of Scottish traditional romance, was a maternal grandaunt, Mrs Margaret Swinton, of whom the following account is given. 'This lady is thus made mention of by her nephew:—'She was our constant resource in sickness, or when we tired of noisy play, and closed around her to listen to her tales. As she might be supposed to look back to the beginning of the last century, the fund which supplied us with amusement often related to events of that period.' In another place he says—'This good spinster had in her composition a strong vein of the superstitious, and was pleased, among other fancies, to read alone in her chamber, by a taper fixed in a candlestick which she had got formed out of a human skull. One night, this strange piece of furniture acquired suddenly the power of locomotion, and after performing some odd circles on her chimney-piece, fairly leaped on the floor, and continued to roll about the apartment. Mrs Swinton calmly proceeded to the adjoining room for another light, and had the satisfaction to penetrate the mystery on the spot. Rats abounded in the ancient building she inhabited, and one of them had managed to ensconce itself within her favourite memento mori. Though thus endowed with a more than feminine share of nerve, she entertained largely that belief in supernaturals, which, in those times, was not considered as sitting ungracefully on the grave and aged of her condition.'

The character of the stories with which she hushed to transient quiet the crew of juvenile imps who surrounded her, was in general such as might have been expected from a person endowed with such dispositions. The tradition upon which 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is founded, and the story which forms the groundwork of 'My Aunt Margaret's Mirror,' were among the number. Even in her death, which happened while Scott was yet very young, and which he has somewhere termed 'the first images of horror that the scenes of real life stamped upon my mind,' she was fated to be deeply impressive. Mrs Swinton, at this time about eighty years of age, resided in a house in the second floor in Charles Street, in the immediate neighbourhood of George Square; no person living in the house with her but a favourite maid-servant. The girl became deranged, but her symptoms were not of such a violent nature as to alarm her mistress. During one Sabbath afternoon, when with her friends in George Square, Mrs Swinton chanced to mention some of her aberrations, and Mrs Scott, alarmed at the idea of her aunt remaining alone with such a person, prevailed upon the old lady to allow her cook-maid to sleep in the house. About midnight the woman heard the outer door open; she ran thither, and found the maniac, who pushed her out and violently shut the door. The cook succeeded in forcing it open; upon which the mad woman flew at her in a state of ferocious excitement, bit her in the shoulder, and threw her down the stair. When she recovered from her stupefaction, she again assayed the door, but found it locked; and she now heard the old lady exclaiming, 'Oh! Peggy, you'll no murder your mistress!' Mr Scott's servant ran, all undressed as she was, to her master's house, and gave the alarm. The inmates, horrified by this wild story, rushed to Charles Street and forced Mrs Swinton's door. They found the old lady lying dead on the hearth, and the house on fire. The flames were speedily extinguished. It was now found that the depositories of the deceased were broken open, but although every thing was misplaced, nothing was amissing. The maniac was nowhere to be seen. It appeared afterwards that she had taken a small tea-chest under her arm, and walked out with little or no covering. She passed along the Potterrow, and called to a guardian of the night, who sat half asleep in his box, 'There is a fire in Charles Street!' He looked up, and fainted on beholding the ghastly spectacle. She was soon afterwards seen at the Guard-House, in the High Street, where she gave a similar alarm, but was seized and detained. The maniac was confined for life, and the cook continued dangerously ill for a long time. Such an event could not fail to lay strong hold on a young mind, and must have lent an additional importance to the memory of aunt Margaret and her stories."

Of aunt Jenny, another anecdote is subsequently presented. "On one occasion, when on the eve of his departure for Roxburghshire, he called, like a dutiful nephew, upon his aunt Miss Scott, who happened to be residing in Edinburgh at the time, to inquire whether she had any commissions for the country. He was solemnly invited to tea, and informed that she had something which she wished to entrust to his care. When he took his leave in the evening, a nondescript parcel of a tolerable size was delivered to him with great formality, and many strict injunctions to look to its safety. 'Tak care o't, Wattie, for there's siller in't.' The bearer was considerably teased, while on the road, by the incessant rattling and jingling which his charge kept up in his pocket, sorely to the annoyance of his pony. On reaching his journey's end, he hastened to deliver it to the blacksmith of the village, to whom it was ad-

dressed; intimating at the same time that he felt great curiosity to know the contents of the parcel, and adding, that he supposed from the sound and weight it must be Miss Scott's *posé*. 'Deed, it's just ane o' your aunty's pattens, and tippence to mend it,' was Burn-the-wind's reply."

SKETCH OF GRECIAN SCULPTURE.

THE art of representing visible forms in hard masses, by means of the chisel, and which has received the name of Sculpture, is of great antiquity, as is testified both by sacred and secular record, as well as by fragmentary relics in those countries in which early civilisation flourished. Some of the very earliest written indications of sculpture are found in the Bible. Laban, who lived two thousand three hundred years before Christ, had images of his domestic gods, which were called in Hebrew *teraphim*. The forming and setting up of the golden calf, as an object of worship by the Israelites, shows that skill was not wanting to execute representations on no mean scale even by a crowd of wanderers in the desert, among whom there must have been men having a knowledge of those refined arts for which the Egyptians had been for ages distinguished.

Passing over the early culture of the art among the Hindoos, Egyptians, and other Orientals, we come to the time when it was practised by the Greeks, who brought it to a greater pitch of perfection than it ever had before, or has since, attained. The "elegant" but exceedingly absurd religion of the Greeks, which consisted in the deification of princes, warriors or heroes, victorious competitors in public games, and imaginary beings of both sexes, was peculiarly suitable to the encouragement of sculpture. Figures of gods and goddesses were multiplied to an inconceivable extent, and placed in public places in cities, by the waysides, and in the temples. In such high estimation was sculpture held among this extraordinary people, that to be represented in marble or bronze was deemed the highest honour to which public merit could aspire. Grecian sculptors having thus the strongest incitement to study, and being well rewarded for their labours, spared no exertion and no time in producing the most exquisitely finished statuary, the figures being given a grace and beauty resembling the most elegantly formed models in nature, in a manner hitherto unpractised. Winkelman, an author deeply versed in all that related to ancient art, assigns to sculpture four different styles. *The ancient style* he states to be that which preceded the reign of Pericles, or the time when Phidias flourished, namely, about 420 years before the Christian era—the *grand style*, that which was formed by Phidias, Polyclethus, Scopas, Alcamenes, Myron, and other celebrated sculptors—the *beautiful style*, that which was introduced by Praxiteles, Apelles, and Lysippus, in the reign of Alexander the Great, about 330 years before the Christian era—the *imitative style*, that which was practised by those sculptors who copied the works of their predecessors. One of the grandest of the early productions, was the statue of Diana, in the temple dedicated to her worship at Ephesus, the capital of Ionia, in Asia Minor. The natives of all Asia Minor were engaged two hundred and twenty years in building this edifice, which was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and two hundred broad, and was adorned with one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each sixty feet high. It was destroyed several times, but always renewed with additional splendour. Besides the grand image of Diana at Ephesus, her figure was multiplied and scattered all over Greece, and, as we learn from passages in the New Testament, the manufacture of these images was to many so lucrative an employment, that it formed an obstacle to the reception of the gospel.

The most renowned of all the Grecian sculptors was Phidias, whose principal works were placed in conspicuous situations, or in temples at Athens. One colossal statue of Pallas he cast in bronze (taken from the tenth of the spoils won on the field of Marathon) for the temple of Minerva Pallas, in which she was represented as a guardian deity. This statue was so lofty and distinct in outline as to be seen by mariners many miles at sea. The second of his most famous statues was made of ivory and gold. It was denominated the statue of the Parthenon, or Parthenos (the virgin), and measured, with the pedestal, about forty-one and a half English feet. Instead of marble, he made use of ivory, which admitted of a much softer and more brilliant polish. It was in reality formed of wood, overlaid with ivory. He threw over it a garment of gold, either beaten or cast with such exquisite skill, that it might be put off or on at pleasure, and could be weighed, at any time, by the treasurer of the temple. It weighed forty-four talents. During the government of Demetrius Poliorcetes, it was carried off. The eyes were formed of valuable gems, according to a custom prevailing at the period. The goddess stood upright, with the ægis on her breast and a spear in her left hand. There was likewise an immense serpent, or dragon, near her, supposed to be that of Erichonius. In her right hand was the goddess Victoria, formed in like manner of ivory, with a vestment of gold, four cubits high. By her side stood

the great shield, representing, on the convex side, the battle of the Amazons, and on the concave, the battle of the Titans. The different parts of the statue, as well as the pedestal, were wrought in relief. The chief work of art of Phidias was the statue of Jupiter, worshipped as the king of heaven. The serene majesty and beauty of this piece of sculpture ranked it among the wonders of the world. Jupiter was represented sitting upon a throne, with an olive wreath of gold about his temples; the upper part of his body was naked; a wide mantle, covering the rest of it, hung down, in the richest folds, to his feet, which rested on a footstool. The naked parts of the statue were of ivory; the dress was of beaten gold, with an imitation of embroidery painted by Panæus, brother of Phidias. In the right hand stood the goddess Victoria, turning towards the statue, and carved, like it, out of ivory and gold; she was holding out a band, with which she appeared desirous to encircle his olive crown. In his left hand the divinity held a parti-coloured sceptre, made of various metals skilfully joined, and on the sceptre rested an eagle. Power, wisdom, and goodness, were admirably expressed in his features. He sat with the air of a divinity, presiding among the judges of the games, and dispensing the laurel wreaths to the victors, calm in conscious dignity. The statue was surrounded with magnificent drapery, which was drawn aside only on particular occasions, when the deity was to be exhibited. A sense of greatness and splendour overwhelmed the spectator, the height of the figure being about forty feet. It was placed in a temple at Elis.

The ruin which overtook the Grecian republics, and the rapacity of the Romans in carrying off the finest articles of sculpture to Rome, where they were afterwards destroyed or lost, were the means of depriving Greece of its works of art, and it has only been in comparatively modern times that some of these wonderful relics have been found, generally in a mutilated condition, and restored to the light of day. A few of these exquisite pieces of ancient sculpture which now engage the attention of the curious and the learned, may be specified. One of the most valuable is a colossal figure of Minerva, found near Vellestre, about ten miles from Rome, so recently as 1797. It is nine feet nine inches high, of Parian marble, and in good preservation, except the right hand, which has been since restored. Among the numerous figures of this goddess which are known, there is not one that presents such an imposing aspect, such nobleness, and such purity of form. She stands firmly, with her right arm raised, as if holding a spear; her left hand projects with grace. She has on her head a helmet of simple yet elegant form; the invulnerable ægis covers her breast, and her body is enveloped in a loose garment without sleeves. The drapery is tastefully arranged, and falls around her in ample folds. This figure is expressive of majesty and mildness, the happiest union of power and amiability, which give assurance of protection. The name of the sculptor is unknown, but the work belongs to the highest class.

The next to be mentioned is the figure of the Pythian Apollo, so called from his victory over the dragon Python, which in fabulous history was a monstrous serpent, produced by the earth after the deluge of Deucalion. This figure is also known as the Apollo Belvidere, from its having been placed on the terrace of the Vatican at Rome, by Pope Julius II., while he was cardinal. It was found in the ruins of ancient Antium, towards the end of the fifteenth century. Its surprising beauty created a great sensation at the time, and the admiration of its many excellences has never diminished. The statue is of Parian marble, larger than life; the attitude is full of grace and dignity, displaying the lightness or active vigour of a most elegant youth. A belt supports his quiver; a light mantle covers one shoulder and hangs over the left arm; the air appears to agitate his hair; his mouth is a little open, and his nostrils expanded, indicative of previous exertion. He appears to have just let fly an arrow, and pauses to contemplate the destruction of his prey; his left hand grasps the bow firmly, and is advanced; the right hand is expanded below his hip, as if having just twanged the string of the bow. There is no knowledge of the sculptor to whom this splendid figure is attributed: it ranks in the highest order of statuary. The right fore-arm and the left hand were wanting, but were restored by Angelo of Mantorsoli, who was a pupil of the celebrated Michael Angelo.

In the estimation of connoisseurs, all samples of ancient or modern sculpture must yield in point of excellence to the figure of Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, which was found in a mutilated state, and now dignifies the dual gallery at Florence. It is in Parian marble, four feet eight inches high, and is so exact and graceful in its proportions, as to be deemed the standard of beauty in the female form. This figure is called the Venus de Medici, from its having for a long period decorated the palace of de Medici at Rome, after which, in the seventeenth century, it was removed to Florence. Addison, who saw it there on his travels, says, "The beauty of proportion, the delicacy of the form, the air, the posture and the correctness of design in this statue, are inexpressible." This figure is a perfect nudity; it seems to express a consciousness of exposure, and stands as if shrinking from the gaze; while a sweet modesty pervades the countenance, the graceful curve of the body, and the position of the extremities. Having, as we have said, been

found in a mutilated condition, some portions, such as the end of the nose, the right arm, and the left fore-arm, have been restored, but by whom is unknown. The plinth on which this beautiful antique stands bears the name of Clomenes, but it is thought to be of greater antiquity, as this sculptor rendered himself celebrated in Rome for his beautiful and graceful figures of females, at the beginning of the second century. The expression of tranquillity, or repose of muscle, was frequently observed by the Grecian sculptors, because the most beautiful persons are generally endowed with the sweetest and most engaging manners; and without a dignified tranquillity, perfect beauty could not exist. This elevated species of repose was studied by the Grecians, particularly in the representations of their deities; therefore this Venus is by many referred to the period when Phidias flourished.

We now come to a very different figure, namely, that of Laocoon, who in fabulous history was a priest of Apollo, commissioned by the Trojans to offer a bullock to Neptune. During the sacrifice, two enormous serpents issued from the sea, and attacked his two sons, who stood near the altar. The father, in defending his children, became involved in the complicated folds of the serpents, and all three perished in the greatest agonies. The group of figures depicting this death-struggle is sculptured in marble, a little larger than life, and consists of Laocoon and his two sons, with two large serpents clinging and twining round their persons with a frightful truth of representation, and offers a striking spectacle of human nature plunged in the acutest of mental and bodily sufferings. The father in his struggles forms a diagonal line between his children; all are endeavouring to relieve themselves from the grasp and bite of the serpents, so that the whole has an effect of anatomical grandeur, and of surprising beauty. Laocoon's bodily pain is united with anguish of mind, in such propriety and dignity of expression as to present an unexampled character of fortitude under sufferings the most dreadful. Although pain swells his muscles and contracts his nerves, paternal tenderness and grief are as strongly manifested in his expressive features, as his exertions are to free himself from the coils of the serpents, and to relieve his imploring children. His eyes are directed to heaven for assistance, while his brow evinces indignation at a punishment so unjust. This double sensation is expressed by the swelling of the nose and expansion of the nostrils; one feeling causing the eyelids to be raised, the other a depression of the brows. The intolerable agony of suffering nature is represented in all the extremities, but particularly in the lower part of the body, while the manly breast is struggling with calamity. Every part of this inimitable piece of sculpture is of the first order. The raised arm of Laocoon, and two arms of the sons, were broken off when the group was found. Michael Angelo would have restored the arm of the father, but, finding his talent unequal, laid down his effort at the foot of the group in despair. All have since been restored by Girardon, in the material called *terracotta*. The sculptors of this inimitable work of art, as is learned by an inscription, were Polydorus, Athenodorus, and Agesander, of Rhodes, the latter being the father of the other two.

The next on our list is the figure of Antinous, a youth of Bithynia, of exquisite grace and form. Many statues were sculptured from him; and the Emperor Adrian esteemed him so highly, that at his death he caused a temple to be erected to his memory. All the statues of Antinous are more or less mutilated, and have a pensive air. This figure is called the Antinous Belvidere, and is one of the most beautiful remains of the second century; it is remarkable for grace and elegance of form, particularly in that sway of the gently curved body over one foot, while the other foot is about to be advanced in slow walking. The celebrated painter, Poussin, held this statue in such admiration, that it became his model for just proportions and graceful outline. It was found on the Esquilen Mount, near the baths of Titus, during the pontificate of Paul III., who considered it worthy to be placed near the Apollo and Laocoon, on the terrace of the Vatican. The right arm and the left hand are wanting, and the sculptor is unknown.

The figure of the Dying Gladiator is another of these ancient models of expression. It is a statue of a man mortally wounded, seated, and leaning over his shield and sword. The form is beautiful and of fine proportions, and its character is strongly developed. About the neck of the figure is a twisted collar. These and other minutiae have raised a doubt respecting its being the figure of a gladiator, but rather one of a German soldier, or a slave renowned for having defended his master, or a Barbarian expiring on the field of battle. This is not of much importance; the sculpture is admirable. The seated or dying position, with one arm sustaining the body, which is inclined forward, while the other hand grasps the thigh of that leg which is bent under the other, the drooping head and agonised countenance, all contribute to the expression of approaching dissolution. The right hand was wanting, but it was very carefully restored in the sixteenth century. The base has the name Ctesilads. The statue was originally in the Villa Ludovisi, and has ever been valued for its truth of expression.

One of the esteemed works of antiquity is that of a figure represented in the act of taking out a thorn from the foot. It is executed in bronze, and represents a youth seated on a stone, with one foot raised

and held on the other knee; the body so inclined, and the foot so turned, as to permit a thorn to be extracted from the under part of the heel, to which the eyes are directed. The ease and elegance of form in the statue, united to the simplicity and truth of the action, cause it to be considered one of the best bronze statues extant. There is no account of either when or where this figure was discovered, nor is there any name attached to it. It is perfect, save that the eyes are hollow, in which probably precious stones had been fixed, as that was a very ancient mode of finishing an exquisite statue.

The list of valuable statuary might be extended, for there are perhaps thirty which may be referred to the first class, each as a chief beauty of its kind. Those of the inferior classes are very numerous, and widely scattered over Europe, many of which are copies of the more antique, or sculptured from ideas which those statues suggested, and the measurements of which have been more or less adopted. From the design of the Venus de Medicis there have been numbers of figures sculptured during many past ages, and also from several others of those celebrated antiques.

It is usual for sculptors to select the best models; hence the great request in which these fine remains are held. They cannot be improved upon, and every approach to grace or beauty in the human form is referred to them; hence the high opinion which is every where entertained of antique sculpture.

THE CRIMINAL'S LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

WHEN the warrant for a prisoner's execution arrives at Newgate, he is immediately removed to the cells, and confined in one of them until he leaves it for the scaffold. He is at liberty to walk in the yard, but both in his walks and in his cell he is constantly attended by a turnkey, who never leaves him on any pretence whatever. We entered the first cell. It was a stone dungeon, eight feet long by six wide, with a bench at the further end, under which were a common horse-rug, a bible, and prayer-book. An iron candlestick was fixed into the wall at the side; and a small high window in the back admitted as much air and light as could struggle in between a double row of heavy crossed iron bars. It contained no other furniture of any description.

Conceive the situation of a man spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping, he knew not how—hour after hour of the three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living would deem possible, for none but this dying man can know. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected in his feverish restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual counselor; and now that the illusion is at last dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless, hopeless state, rushes upon him, he is lost and stupefied, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon, the Almighty Being from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom his repentance can alone avail.

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is waning gradually, and the deathlike stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle, which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell of St Paul's strikes—one! He heard it; it has roused him. Seven hours left! and he paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the bible which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts still wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—how like the book he read his lesson in at school just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it since he left it as a child; and yet the place, the time, the room, nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word of kindness, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The deep voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet. Hark! Two quarters have struck—the third—the fourth. It is! Six hours left! Tell him not of repentance or comfort. Six hours' repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

Worn out with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast; he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright blue sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of Newgate! And she is looking, not as she did when he saw her for the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used to do when he loved

her, long, long ago, before misery and ill-treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature. And she is leaning upon his arm, and looking up into his face with tenderness and affection—and he does not strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him. And oh! how glad he is to tell her all he had forgotten in that last hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes. He is on his trial again: there are the judge and jury, and prosecutors and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too, and a scaffold—and how all those people stare at him! Verdict, "Guilty." No matter; he will escape. The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instant he is in the street, flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, the open fields are gained, and the broad wide country lies before him. Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness astonishing even to himself. At length he pauses: he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on that bank, and sleep till sunrise.

A period of unconsciousness succeeds. He wakes cold and wretched. The dull grey light of morning is stealing into the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned felon again, guilty and despairing; and in two hours more he is a corpse.—*Sketches by Box.*

THE SUMMER'S EVE.

[From "The Anglo-Polish Harp, and other Poems," by Jacob Jones, Esq.—Pickering, London, 1836.]

The clover look'd so rich, and rare;
The green grass freshen'd all the air;
And ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry tree,
Breath'd out their first-born fragrance;—
The luscious honeysuckle hung
Its beauteous bells, anew:
And, meekly forth, the jessamine sprang,
With its snow-white stars, to view:
And the Garden-Queen in pearls was dight
Of dew, than the diamond's eye more bright,
Of dew, the nectar Fairy sips,
That bathes her wings, or cools her lips.
The hour is lovely when the west
Is all in golden splendour dress'd:
And lovely is the varying hue
That streaks the twilight depths of blue:
But lovelier is the cold moon's light,
Brightening thro' the sphere of night,
When ev'ry wind that whistles near,
Pours melody upon the ear:
And, murmuring, through bow'r, and grove,
The sportive, lighter breezes rove,
To sing the loves they bear so well
To maypole, or saphire bell,
Or rose, that jealous beauty tore,
In envy of the charms it wore:
Such ere it was! so sweetly strange,
The echoes of the hill,
The voices of the forest-range,
The music of the rill—
Where the smooth wave, rippling by,
Softly sung a lullaby,
To its queen, with green rush-crown,
Gently gliding, in her car,
On its glassy surface, down
To the fairy lakes, afar,
Where the water-sprites are wreathing
Many a garland, crisp, and fair;
And their sister-sylphs are breathing
Spicy fragrance on the air.
There is a mood of mind
When the spirits are up, and free,
And blithe as the buxom wind
That blows deliciously:
Such mood of mind, that spot might, well,
Bid in the rapture's bosom swell;
For there, the waves had sought a bed,
Betwixt the hills of green;
And there, the forest roar'd its head,
Majestic o'er the scene;—
And there, the birds their vesper sung,
A sadly plaintive sound!
While echo, through the woodlands flung
Her melody around.

ECONOMY IN LINEN-WASHING.—You are aware that in almost all large towns there is a prevailing complaint that there is no general accommodation for the bleaching of linens, and hence the dun hue which is generally seen in that ornamental as well as useful part of dress. But that alone is not the whole evil; for whenever any part of dress becomes changed in colour from want of proper cleaning, it is evident it must be inasmuch unwholesome to the wearer. Led by such considerations as these, I began to make some experiments to ascertain whether the inconvenience might be removed by some simple and economical process. After many experiments made by myself, and others at my suggestion, I find that a little pipe-clay dissolved among the water employed in washing, gives the dirtiest linens the appearance of having been bleached, and cleans them thoroughly with about one-half of the labour, and fully a saving of one-fourth of soap. The method adopted was to dissolve a little of the pipe-clay among the warm water in the washing tub, or to rub a little of it together with the soap on the articles to be washed. This process was repeated as often as required, until the articles to be washed

were made thoroughly clean. All who have made the experiment have agreed that the saving of soap and labour is great, and that the clothes are improved in colour equally as if they were bleached. But this peculiarity in cleaning and bleaching is not confined to pipe-clay alone; there is a fine strong bluish-coloured clay in the bed of the Tay, which can be obtained when the tide is back, which answers the same purpose. Among the rocks in the neighbourhood of Arbrogath, there is found what is termed *caum*, which, sparingly used, will also be found to be of great service. But the peculiar advantage of employing these articles together with the soap is, that it gives the *hardest* water almost the softness of *rain water*, but from what cause I am not able to say; the fact, however, is undeniable. I cannot, I know, persuade gentlemen to commence clothes-washers, that they may satisfy themselves as to the certainty of these statements, but they can bring the matter to proof by trying it on their hands when very dirty; and that they may do without any fear of the skin being injured—on the contrary, they will find it much softened by the process.—*Correspondent of Dundee Advertiser.*

WATERLOO CAESAREAN COW CABBAGE.—Our attention has been called to the Waterloo Caesarean Cow Cabbage, the subjoined description of which would have raised considerable doubts in our minds as to the veracity of the narrator, had we not convinced ourselves by ocular demonstration of the truth of one part of the statement, namely, that it will reach ten feet in height. With respect to the effect produced upon the texture and growth of the sheep's wool, we must confess our scepticism. This singular and extraordinary species of cabbage, almost unknown in England till introduced by the persevering efforts of Mr Fullard, three years since, grows from nine to twelve feet high, and from fifteen to twenty feet in circumference. Five of these stupendous cabbages, now raised to the greatest perfection in quality as well as size, have been repeatedly found, by proper management, an ample allowance of food for one hundred sheep or ten cows per day; and the nutrition thence supplied by this delicious vegetable will (as experience has already abundantly demonstrated) speedily produce the most surprising improvement in the growth and utility of every description of cattle. As an evidence of the beneficial tendency of this cabbage, Mr Fullard has the great pleasure and satisfaction of saying that sheep fed upon it have been found to produce wool of the finest silken texture—twenty-five inches long—a circumstance which cannot fail immediately to claim the utmost attention and admiration; as such, the cultivator of these cabbages will not only realise pecuniary profit beyond any previous experience, but the manufacturer will also obtain a superior material to any heretofore produced by the most profitable speculation, the general and extensive demand for which must exceed all present calculation. The commerce of the country, as well as the interest and pleasure of the community at large, will likewise be greatly, if not incalculably, enhanced by the cultivation and use of this improved vegetable production. The cabbages, if designed for the winter season, can, for convenience as well as advantage to the grower, be removed from the fields, and will serve to make handsome serpentine walks in gardens, or they will form a most excellent avenue for winter across a field; or, by setting them singly, will make a ground that has not a tree in it a park for winter, and may be given to the stock in spring.—*Mark Lane Express.* [We have been assured by an excellent practical horticulturist, that the expectations formed respecting this extraordinary vegetable, are likely to be disappointed.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

ELECTRICAL SHOCK FROM A SHEET OF PAPER.—Place an iron japanned tea-tray on a dry, clean beaker glass; then take a sheet of foolscap writing paper, and hold it close to the fire until all its hygrometric moisture is dissipated, but not so as to scorch it; in this state it is one of the finest electrics we have. Hold one end down on a table with the finger and thumb, and give it about a dozen strokes with a large piece of India rubber from the left to the right, beginning at the top. Now take it up by two of the corners and bring it over the tray, and it will fall down on it like a stone; if one finger be now brought under the tray, a sensible shock will be felt. Now lay a needle on the tray with its point projecting outwards, remove the paper, and a star sign of the negative electricity will be seen; return the paper, and the positive brush will appear. In fact, it forms a very extemporaneous electrophorus, which will give a spark an inch long, and strong enough to set fire to some combustible bodies, and to exhibit all the electric phenomena not requiring coated surfaces. If four beaker glasses are placed on the floor, and a book laid on them, a person may stand on them insulated; if he then holds the tray vertically, the paper will adhere strongly to it, and sparks may be drawn from any part of his body, or he may draw sparks from any other person, as the case may be; or he may set fire to some inflammable bodies by touching them with a piece of ice.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place; and ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row, London. Agents—John Macleod, 30, Argyle Street, Glasgow; George Young, Dublin; and sold by all other Booksellers.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of 12 weeks, 1s. 6d.; price for half a year or year in proportion. In every case payable in advance.

From the Steam-press of W. and R. Chambers.

